

THE SENDING OF THIS SCRIPT DOES NOT CONSTITUTE AN OFFER OF  
A CONTRACT FOR ANY PART IN IT

Rehearsal Script  
BBC-1 Colour

Prog. Ident. No. 50/LDL G338P

12/1/85

"DOCTOR WHO"

SERIAL 6V

'VENGEANCE ON VAROS'

Tx1985

by

Philip Martin

EPISODE ONE

|                               |                    |             |
|-------------------------------|--------------------|-------------|
| Producer .....                | JOHN NATHAN-TURNER |             |
| Director .....                | RON JONES          |             |
| Designer .....                | TONY SNOWDEN       |             |
| Script Editor .....           | ERIC SAWARD        |             |
| Production Associate .....    | SUE ANSTRUTHER     |             |
| Production Manager .....      | MARGO EAVIS        |             |
| A.F.M. ....                   | SOPHIE NEVILLE     |             |
| Production Assistant .....    | JANE WHITTAKER     |             |
|                               | (PAT GREENLAND     | 1st 3 days) |
| Production Secretary .....    | SARAH LEE          |             |
| Costume Designer .....        | JOHN PEACOCK       |             |
| Make-Up Artist .....          | CAROLINE TYRER     |             |
| Visual Effects Designer ..... | CHARLES JEANES     |             |
| TM1 .....                     | DENNIS CHANNON     |             |
| TM2 .....                     | ALAN ARBUTHNOT     |             |
| Sound Supervisor .....        | ANDY STACEY        |             |
| Video Effects .....           | DAVE CHAPMAN       |             |
| Music by .....                | JONATHAN GIBBS     |             |
| Special Sound .....           | DICK MILLS         |             |

FILIMING:

OUTSIDE REHEARSAL: 9th - 17th July 1984 (8 days)  
21st - 31st July 1984 (9 days)

CAMERA REHEARSAL & RECORDING: Studio 18/19/20 July 1984  
Studio 1/2/3 August 1984

TRANSMISSION: TBA

"DOCTOR WHO" 'VENGEANCE ON VAROS' EPISODE ONE

CAST:

THE DOCTOR  
PERI  
GOVERNOR  
CHIEF OFFICER  
SIL  
JONDAR  
ARETA  
ARAK  
ETTA  
BAX  
MALDAK  
TECHNICIAN  
RONDEL

N/S:

ATTENDANTS TO SIL  
GUARDS, TECHNICIANS, PRISONERS  
MAKE-UP GIRL  
SCRIPT GIRL

\* \* \* \* \*

SETS:

Tardis Console Room  
Governor's Office  
Etta and Arak's Cell  
Corridor(s)  
Prison Dome, Corridor Junction  
Purple Zone  
Communications Centre

\* \* \* \* \*

"DOCTOR WHO"

SERIAL 6V

'VENGEANCE ON VAROS'

by

Philip Martin

EPISODE ONE

1. INT. PRISON DOME. CORRIDOR.  
JUNCTION.

(THE WALLS OF THE  
CORRIDOR ARE OF A  
ROUGH ROCKLIKE  
TEXTURE.

OPEN UP ON RANDOM  
LASER BEAM EMITER  
(RLBE), THIS  
COMPRISES A LARGE  
SQUARE FRAME FROM  
WHICH PROTRUDE A  
SERIES OF TUBES  
THAT STREAM DIFFERENT  
COLOURED BANDS OF  
LIGHT THAT ARE  
DIRECTED TOWARD  
THE OPPOSITE WALL  
WHERE A RAGGED  
PRISONER, JONDAR,  
TWENTY-ONE, IS  
CHAINED.

THE RLBE BEGINS TO  
HUM AND PULSATE.

JONDAR ALERTS WITH  
SUDDEN FEAR AND  
APPREHENSION AS  
THE MACHINE BEGINS  
TO BUILD TOWARDS  
POWER EMISSION.

SWEATING, JONDAR  
TWISTS AND TURNS  
IN HIS CHAINS AS  
THE FIRST BEAM  
SEARS INTO THE  
WALL NEXT TO HIM.

JONDAR DODGES IT  
SUCCESSFULLY THEN  
CHANGES HIS POSITION  
AS ANOTHER BEAM  
HITS THE SPOT HE  
HAS JUST OCCUPIED.

THE THIRD BEAM  
TOUCHES HIS SIDE.

JONDAR SCREAMS,  
THROWS BACK HIS  
HEAD AND STARES  
UP IN AGONY AT  
THE RED EYE OF A  
SMALL TELEVISION  
CAMERA THAT IS  
MONITORING HIS  
PLIGHT FROM ABOVE)

2. INT. COMMUNICATIONS CENTRE.

(A TECHNICIAN, BAX,  
TWENTY, WEARING THE  
ORANGE UNIFORM OF  
THE COMM DIVISION  
IS SCANNING A BANK  
OF MONITORS AND  
EQUIPMENT.

ON MAIN SCREEN IS  
THE AGONISED FACE  
OF JONDAR STARING,  
BAX SHIFTS MAIN  
MONITOR INTO A BIG  
CLOSE-UP OF JONDAR)

3. INT. CELL.

(A SMALL SPARSE CELL-LIKE ROOM DOMINATED BY A WALL THAT IS A TELEVISION SCREEN AND WHICH IS SHOWING THE B.C.U. OF JONDAR THAT ENDED SCENE TWO.

FACING THE VIEWING WALL IMPASSIVELY IS ETTA.

ARAK, HER HUSBAND, ENTERS BEGRIMED AND WEARING THE BLACK UNIFORM OF THE MINING CLASS.

HE SURVEYS THE VIEWING WALL SOURLY)

ARAK: (NODDING AT SCREEN) Not him again ...

ETTA: Yeh.

ARAK: Comm Div must be runnin' short've rebos to laserise.

ETTA: Yeh.

ARAK: (NODDING AT SCREEN) Rubbish ... he's not hurt ... only acting ...

ETTA: Yeh.

ARAK: My ration ready?

ETTA: Yeh.

(PAUSES, WAITS FOR  
ETTA TO GET HIS  
MEAL, SHE MAKES NO  
MOVE)

ARAK: I'll get it myself then.

(ETTA, WHO HAS NOT  
SHIFTED HER GAZE  
FROM THE WALL  
SCREEN FOR AN  
INSTANT:)

ETTA: Yeh.

4. INT. PRISON DOME. CORRIDOR JUNCTION.

(JONDAR TWISTING FROM  
SIDE TO SIDE, AS  
LASER BEAMS STREAM  
TOWARDS HIM AGAIN)

5. INT. CELL.

(ETTA STILL STARING  
AT SCREEN.

ARAK ENTERING  
CARRYING A PLATE  
ON WHICH ARE  
SQUARE CUBES OF  
RATION CONCENTRATE.

HE REGARDS SCREEN  
THEN HIS MEAL WITH  
EQUAL CONTEMPT)

ARAK: This all?

ETTA: Only workfeed I could get.

ARAK: How can I work, dig on  
this ... it wouldn't fill a  
clinker-mole's belly let alone  
a working man's.

ETTA: There's shortages ... maybe  
more to come ... there's a  
Governor's punch-in vote tonight.

ARAK: Voting ... voting ... this  
Governor calls a punch-in everytime  
he wants to change his trousers ...  
sooner he gets ruled out the  
better ...

ETTA: What would the next one  
do better?

ARAK: Everything ... anything.  
(EATS) Ugh ... what is this I'm  
eating, Etta?

ETTA: Her at the food-dole  
couldn't say. Feed factory ran  
out of labels ...

(ARAK THRUSTS PLATE  
AWAY.

ETTA GRABS FOR IT,  
ARAK MOVES PLATE  
AWAY)

ARAK: Get off. I want it to  
chuck at the screen when your  
beloved Sir Governor begs my  
vote.

ETTA: (PRIMLY) Attacking  
Commtech property can bring loss  
of viewing rights. Way you're  
thinking you'll be in that one's  
place ... (POINTS AT SCREEN)  
Like to see how far you'd get  
in the Dome of Punishment (SNIGGERS)  
not even survive the first  
distort section.

ARAK: Living with you prepares  
me to survive anything ...

(THEY WATCH SCREEN  
WHICH SHOWS A HALT  
TO RLBE BEAM  
ACTIVITY.

JONDAR SLUMPS WITH  
RELIEF AND EXHAUSTION)

Why have they stopped? Pathetic  
... when did they last show some-  
thing worth watching. (SIGHS)  
When did we last see a decent  
execution?

ETTA: Last week.

ARAK: What?

ETTA: The blind man?

ARAK: (SCORN) That was a repeat.

ETTA: It wasn't. You're thinking about that infiltrator and he wasn't blind, not at the beginning anyway.

ARAK: Yes, he was ... (YAWNS)  
I'm going to sleep.

ETTA: You can't, you have to vote ...

(TAKES OUT A VOTE-BOX,  
AN ELECTRONIC DEVICE  
WITH TWO HANDLES  
SHAPED 'YES' AND 'NO')

ARAK: Do it for me.

ETTA: (HORRIFIED) You want Polcorps calling here? Do you ... Arak?

ARAK: (YAWNS) How would they know it wasn't me voting?

ETTA: (HARD) I'd tell them.

6. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.

(THE DOCTOR IS  
FIDDLING ABOUT  
WITH SOME  
ELECTRONICS  
INSIDE A ROUNDAL.

WITH A SUDDEN  
FLOURISH HE SLAMS  
THE ROUNDAL SHUT)

THE DOCTOR: That's it!

PERI: (DOURLY) I don't  
believe it.

(THE DOCTOR TURNS  
TO FACE PERI)

THE DOCTOR: I haven't told  
you what I've done.

PERI: You sound confident. I  
don't think I want to know.

THE DOCTOR: What's the matter  
with you?

PERI: Everytime you sound  
confident nowadays, something  
terrible seems to happen.

THE DOCTOR: (TRYING TO REMEMBER)  
Does it? (SHOUTS) What do you  
mean.

PERI: Since we left Telos, you've caused three electrical fires, a total power failure and a near collision with a storm of asteroids. Not only that, you've twice managed to get lost in the Tardis corridors, wipe the memory of the flight computer and jettison three-quarters of the storage hold. You even managed to burn the dinner last night.

THE DOCTOR: I've never said I was perfect.

PERI: If you recall, last night we had a cold supper.

THE DOCTOR: That was an unfortunate accident.

PERI: Before each and every unfortunate accident you have said in a loud, confident voice: 'That's it!' And to be honest, Doc, I am getting tired of clearing up the mess or being thrown around the Tardis like the teddy bear of some psychotic baby.

THE DOCTOR: Have you finished?

PERI: For the moment.

THE DOCTOR: It's a good thing I like you.

PERI: At the moment, the feeling isn't mutual.

THE DOCTOR: What more can I do? I've cleared up as you requested. I've stabilised the chamelion circuit.

PERI: So now what will we materialise as?

THE DOCTOR: (AWKWARDLY) I think, the police box.

PERI: Better than a pyramid or Nelson's column.

THE DOCTOR: We have never materialised as Nelson's column.

PERI: We did as pyramid ... on the frozen plains of Ewan Nine. Remember?

THE DOCTOR: It's a good thing I'm a tolerant man, because sometimes you push me too far.

PERI: You're the most inconsistent and intolerant man I've ever met.

THE DOCTOR: (QUIETLY) Intolerant?  
(PONDERING) Intolerant ...  
(EXPLODES) Intolerant! Me, intolerant!

PERI: Then why are you shouting?

THE DOCTOR: Because ...

(THE TARDIS JUDDERS)

Because there's something wrong.

PERI: What?

(THE DOCTOR LISTENING  
TO THE SOUND OF THE  
TARDIS:)

THE DOCTOR: Schh ... there's something amiss in the power transmission units.

PERI: Still? After all the work you've done?

THE DOCTOR: It's the one area I didn't check.

PERI: Oh, great. Aren't there emergency power circuits or something.

THE DOCTOR: Yes ... (CHECKS A DIAL) But it seems as if that function is about to become defunct too ...

PERI: Great. Well, do something, don't shilly-shally, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: Trouble is, Peri, we're faced with a conundrum wrapped up in a dilemma.

PERI: What's that mean?

THE DOCTOR: We may well be stuck in a limbo of time and space.

PERI: (HORRIFIED) For how long?

THE DOCTOR: Evermore?

7. INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE.

(A SPARSE BUT  
COMFORTABLE  
ENOUGH WORKING  
AND LIVING SPACE  
WITH A DESK AND  
T.V. EQUIPMENT  
FACING IT.

ALSO RAISED UP  
ABOVE THE DESK  
A HUMAN CELL  
DISINTEGRATOR  
(HCD) THAT IS  
LINKED TO THE  
VOTING FIGURES  
THAT APPEAR ON  
A SCREEN ON THE  
WALL OPPOSITE TO  
THE GOVERNOR'S  
DESK.

WHEN THE VOTE  
IS FAVOURABLE  
TO THE GOVERNOR A  
YELLOW EFFUSION  
OF LIGHT POURS  
DOWN UPON HIM  
GIVING HIM ENERGY  
AND OPTIMISM AND  
ENHANCED LIFEFORCE.

WHEN THE OPPOSITE  
IS THE CASE GREEN  
AND RED RAYS POUR  
DOWN CAUSING A  
PROPORTION OF HIS  
CELLS TO BE DESTROYED,  
PESSIMISM TO RULE AND  
THE JUICES OF HIS BEING  
TO BE DEPLETED.

NOW, THE WHITE  
UNIFORMED GOVERNOR  
PACES BACK AND  
FORTH BEHIND HIS  
DESK WATCHED BY  
THE ALIEN, SIL, THE  
REPRESENTATIVE OF  
THE GALATRON MINING  
CORPORATION.

SIL IS SMALL,  
REPTILIAN, A  
NATIVE OF THE  
WATERY WORLD  
OF THOROS-BETA.

HE IS SUPPORTED  
IN A WATER TANK  
BY TWO HUSKY  
HELMETED BODY  
SERVANTS.

SIL LIFTS HIS VOICE  
BOX AND SPEAKS INTO  
IT WITH A HIGH SHRILL  
WHINE THAT IS TRANSLATED  
(NOT ALWAYS ACURATELY)  
INTO ENGLISH)

SIL: You are a reasonable man ...  
lower the price of your commodity  
a little, please.

GOVERNOR: My people deserve fair  
prices for the Zeiton 7 ore ...

SIL: Who else will buy from you  
if my Corporation withdraws its  
contract?

GOVERNOR: We'll have to find  
other outlets I should think.

SIL: You are not a rich planet ...  
Zeiton is all you have to sell.

GOVERNOR: There are other exports. We are expanding into entertainment and communications with some success ...

SIL: How?

GOVERNOR: The Punishment Dome, we sell tapes of what happens there.

(SIL LAUGHS  
EERILY)

SIL: That is enterprising ... your idea, Governor?

GOVERNOR: Yes.

SIL: Are they really disturbing these videos you sell ...?

GOVERNOR: They show what befalls those who refuse to obey the orders by which Varosians must live.

SIL: Torture, blindness, executions?

GOVERNOR: All the functions of the Punishment Dome are recorded as warnings to miscreants everywhere.

SIL: But they entertain as well as instruct?

GOVERNOR: You must ask my Chief Officer, he is responsible for Commtech Division product.

SIL: I would hope to help  
organise your sales exports  
if you consent to lower your  
Zeiton price.

GOVERNOR: I can't. Sorry.

(SIL BECOMES  
ENRAGED)

SIL: Then my patience is  
exhausted and spent totally!

(THE CHIEF OFFICER,  
A FLORID OVERWEIGHT  
MAN IN HIS MID-  
FORTIES, ENTERS)

CHIEF: The people are anxious  
for a decision on the new price  
of our product.

GOVERNOR: Negotiations between  
ourselves and Galtron Mining is  
far from complete, the broadcast  
must be delayed.

CHIEF: Impossible. The rules  
must be obeyed by Governors as  
well as prisoners.

GOVERNOR: What is the difference?

CHIEF: What point have you  
reached, gentlemen?

SIL: Stalemates. On contract,  
royalties, everything ...

CHIEF: (TENTATIVELY) Surely a  
little movement regarding cost ...

- 1/18 -

SIL: Already I have gone beyond my authority to meet the stubbornness of this Governor.

GOVERNOR: We must have an increase of price ... we must!

SIL: I will wait ... perhaps the next Governor will be more sensible of reality.

GOVERNOR: I am the Governor. You deal with me.

SIL: But tonight you must place yourself at the mercy of the votes of your people. Should they not agree with your stubborn stance ... you may be obliterated.

(LAUGHS EERILY)

CHIEF: He is right, sir.

GOVERNOR: I am not afraid to die. My family have served and perished at the will of the people ... now if it is my turn, (SHRUGS FATALISTICALLY) so be it.

(SITS IN HIS CHAIR.

ABOVE HIM THE HCD  
ACTIVATES.

THE GOVERNOR GLANCES  
UP.

FACES THE CAMERA  
RESOLUTELY)

- 18 -

8. INT. TARDIS. CONSOLE ROOM.

(ROTOR OSCILLATING,  
THEN STOPPING.

THE DOCTOR FROWNS,  
OPERATES CONTROLS.

NOTHING HAPPENS)

THE DOCTOR: That's interesting ...  
not to say arresting.

PERI: Where are we?

THE DOCTOR: Neither here nor  
there.

PERI: Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: Somewhere, let's  
see ...

(TRIES CONTROLS  
AGAIN. NOTHING  
HAPPENS.

THE DOCTOR  
ACTIVATES  
SCANNER.

IT SHOWS A  
CLUSTER OF  
GALAXIES WHICH  
THE DOCTOR STUDIES)

Mm, stalled in the equivalent  
of a galactic layby ... see ...

(POINTS AT SCREEN)

PERI: No.

THE DOCTOR: Between Cetes  
and Sculptor. Materialised  
into actual and temporal void.

(THE DOCTOR TRIES  
CONTROLS AGAIN  
WITHOUT SUCCESS)

PERI: Why won't it move,  
Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: This is the one  
occurrence the Tardis cannot  
overcome. Like everything in  
the Universe, it cannot move  
without power or energy.

(SLUMPS HOPELESSLY)

PERI: But we can ... Doctor.  
Don't give up ... Doctor, please!

THE DOCTOR: (GLOOMILY) It's  
all right for you Peri ...

PERI: Me ... why is it OK for  
me?

THE DOCTOR: You have only one  
life ... you will age here in  
the Tardis then die ... me I  
will go on regenerating kept  
prisoner here for evermore.

9. INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE.

(GOVERNOR AT HIS DESK.  
GLANCES UP AS CHIEF  
AND GUARDS ENTER)

CHIEF: I'm sorry, Sil refuses  
to increase his offer ...

GOVERNOR: I have to appear  
before Viewpop soon, propose  
further austerities, food dole,  
work-feed cuts ... they won't  
accept it ... the vote against  
me will be overwhelming.  
(STOICALLY) We know what that  
will do.

(GLANCES UPWARDS)

CHIEF: The Constitution  
requires that Governors who  
fail to please the majority  
must suffer. It is the price  
of failure.

GOVERNOR: Even unto death. I  
wish I had something to offer the  
people of Varos ... something to  
give them hope.

(CHIEF BENDS TO SPEAK  
QUIETLY)

CHIEF: Bend the truth a  
little ... imply you expect  
to squeeze a few million extra  
credits out of the Galatron  
negotiations ... and if you  
don't, well, fools have short  
memories ...

(BAX, THE  
TECHNICIAN  
RESPONSIBLE  
FOR BROADCASTING  
ENTERS, FOLLOWED  
BY MAKE-UP AND  
SCRIPT GIRLS)

BAX: You must make ready,  
sir ...

GOVERNOR: Yes ... yes ...

(MAKE-UP GIRL TAKES  
OUT GOVERNOR'S  
BEARD LINE.

GOVERNOR SITS AT  
DESK. HE IS  
FIDGETY AND  
FEARFUL, OTHERS  
LEAVE HIM WITHIN  
THE CONFINES OF  
HIS OFFICE.

GOVERNOR GLANCES  
AT THE HCD PANE  
ABOVE HIM.

LIGHT ON CAMERA  
GLOWS, GOVERNOR'S  
MANNER CHANGES  
NOTICABLY.

HE LEANS TOWARDS  
CAMERA, SMILING  
WITH A SINCERE  
ASSUMPTION OF  
QUIET CONFIDENCE)

Good evening ...

10. INT. COMMUNICATION CENTRE.

(THIS ADJOINS  
GOVERNOR'S DOMAIN.

CHIEF AND SIL)

SIL: Decision when?

CHIEF: Soon ... soon ...

SIL: Like this Governor we  
do not. Replace you must  
arrange most soon. That is  
what our secret payments  
to you are for.

CHIEF: My dear Sil, a little  
patience is all that is  
required. Trust me.

SIL: Do you think he  
suspects the truth of  
matters.

CHIEF: No. He simply wants  
a better deal.

SIL: Maybe I should dispense  
with your payoffs, offer that  
and you up to him ...

CHIEF: You really mustn't  
threaten me ... you need  
me for what you hope  
to gain here.

SIL: If I do not succeed  
one way I favour another ...  
enough talk, I would wish  
to witness the suffering  
moments of this fool  
governorship.

11. INT. CELL.

(GOVERNOR ON SCREEN,  
TALKING AND SMILING.

ETTA AND ARAK  
WATCHING WITH  
THE VOTING  
COMMUNICATION  
BOX BEFORE THEM)

GOVERNOR: As always I seek  
ways to market the resources  
of our poor planet.

ARAK: (TO SCREEN) Blah blah ...  
blah ... get to the point ...

ETTA: Shut your mouth.

GOVERNOR: Seven credits per  
unit of Zeiton ore mined is what  
I asked ...

ARAK: (TO SCREEN) You won't get  
it.

ETTA: One more yak out've you  
Arak and you're down on my  
viewstat report as a subvert.

ARAK: Entitled to an opinion ...

ETTA: Entitled to a vote is all.

ARAK: Know how I'll use that  
then.

(ON SCREEN GOVERNOR  
LEANS TOWARDS  
CAMERA)

GOVERNOR: Viewers of Varos,  
I ask that we agree to hold  
out for what is a fair price  
for our principal marketable  
resource - that of Zeiton ore.  
Those who wish to fight along-  
side me for a prosperous  
tomorrow vote 'Yes' to a ten  
per cent reduction of our  
food rations ... those who wish  
for full bellies today and  
nothing to eat tomorrow have  
the option to punch their  
'No' button.

(GOVERNOR LEANS BACK.

ARAK PUNCHES 'NO'  
BUTTON. ETTA  
NEUTRALISES HIS  
VOTE BY VOTING  
'YES')

12. INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE.

(SCREEN SHOWING 'YES'  
633,156, 'NO' 987,627.

GOVERNOR BRACES  
HIMSELF AS SCREEN  
THEN READS 'GOVERNOR'S  
RECOMMENDATION  
DEAFEATED'.

ON THE GOVERNOR'S CHAIR  
METAL CONSTRAINTS  
AUTOMATICALLY  
STRAP ONTO HIS ARMS.

THE CELL DIMINISHING  
PROCESS STARTS.

FROM THE HCD DEVICE,  
RAYS OF RED AND  
GREED POUR DOWN ON  
THE HAPLESS GOVERNOR  
WHO CLENCHES HIS  
MUSCLES IN AN ATTEMPT  
TO RESIST THE PAIN  
OF THE BOMBARDMENT)

13. INT. CELL.

(GOVERNOR FACE ON  
SCREEN TRYING  
TO CONTROL HIS AGONY.

ARAK EXCITED, STANDS)

ARAK: He's lost! Go on, pour it  
on and on! He's going ... yes, he's  
snuffed it ....!

ETTA: No ... no! (COVERS HER  
EYES) Has he?

(ON SCREEN BOMBARDMENT  
CEASES.

GOVERNOR SLUMPS  
AS THE RESTRAINT  
CLAMPS RELEASE HIM)

ARAK: (TO SCREEN) Next time ...  
next time for sure!

ETTA: He's strong. That's three  
losin' votes in a row.

ARAK: Next vote will see him  
blasted out for sure. No one's  
ever taken four bashings from  
that cell disintergrator thing.

ETTA: I wish you'd leave him  
alone ...

ARAK: Why should I? He's the  
worst Governor we've had since ...  
since.

ETTA: (QUIETLY) Since the last  
one.

14. INT. COMMUNICATION CENTRE.

(SIL AND CHIEF.

BAX AT CONTROLS  
OF MONITORS BEHIND  
THEM.

GUARDS ON DOOR)

SIL: Is the Governor no more?

BAX: He's survived ... just ...

SIL: (TO THE CHIEF) We must  
arrange good riddance of this bad  
Governor soon.

CHIEF: (SOOTHINGLY) He is  
weakened by the HCD bombardment.  
Engage him in negotiation now  
and you may gain advantage.

SIL: See we will.

(DOOR OF GOVERNOR'S  
QUARTERS OPENS.

GUARDS ALERT.  
GOVERNOR SHAKEN  
AND SWEATING STARES  
OUT AT THEM)

GOVERNOR: Permission to leave  
Governor's domain ...

(CHIEF NODS TO  
GUARDS.

GOVERNOR JOINS  
SIL AND CHIEF)

CHIEF: (TO GOVERNOR) You survived the vote, sir. Congratulations.

SIL: Soon your death will be apparent ...

(CACKLES WITH  
EERIE LAUGHTER)

You will see.

(GOVERNOR SWAYS  
WITH FATIGUE.

SIL SEES HIS  
CHANCE FOR ADVANTAGE)

Should we try again to reach agreement before I must communicate with my Executive Council?

GOVERNOR: (WEARILY) Later ...

SIL: Now or never.

GOVERNOR: Very well ...

SIL: (TO HIS ATTENDANTS) Transport me to the office of the Governor.

(HIS ATTENDANTS  
LIFT HIM AND BEAR  
HIM TOWARDS GOVERNOR'S  
QUARTERS.

GOVERNOR WIPES HIS  
HANDS OF PERSPIRATION)

GOVERNOR: I am so tired.

CHIEF: I warned the people would not accept yet more rationing cuts for whatever reason ...

GOVERNOR: This system of referendum, how much longer can I survive.

CHIEF: One more vote?

BAX: Do something to please, to entertain, to please the people. Just to give yourself time to regain your strength.

(POINTS AT MAIN  
MONITOR SCREEN  
WHICH SHOWS  
PRISONER FACING  
LASER GRILLE)

Why not give them the life of the rebel Jondar ... it's his death or yours.

GOVERNOR: It would have to be something different.

BAX: Can I suggest by laser obliteration, sir, by a concentrated build-up of power ... neutralise the 'Q' switch ... that way the Random Laser Emitter builds up to a giant pulse of light, an explosion of focused laser energy that will wipe the prisoner out of existence ...

GOVERNOR: We have never shown that style of dispatch...

CHIEF: Too quick ... it would be over in a second, we wouldn't be able to sell so swift an execution.

BAX: It's the uncertainty ... no one knows quite when the power will blow ... we could maybe get ten minutes of tension out of his fear and apprehension.

CHIEF: It's novel, I suppose ...

BAX: I'm sure the video of his execution would sell. (TO GOVERNOR) You said we must export or die.

GOVERNOR: Yes I did. Very well, arrange it ... and Bax ...

BAX: Sir?

GOVERNOR: Thank you for the suggestion.

(BAX NODS.

SPEAKS INTO  
MICROPHONE ON HIS  
CONSOLE)

BAX: End random pulses ... conserve C/B, Inform Prison Control Centre, activate viewer warning of imminent public execution.

(AS BAX OPERATES  
SWITCHES ON MAIN  
MONITOR ON SCREEN  
THE WORD 'EXECUTION'  
BEGINS TO FLASH)

15. INT. PRSION DOME. CORRIDOR  
JUNCTION.

(JONDAR FACING  
LASER GRILLE.

GRILLE SUDDENLY  
GLOWING, STARTING  
TO BUILD UP POWER.

HE REACTS FEARFULLY)

16. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.

(THE DOCTOR SITTING  
AGAINST A WALL  
STARING MOROSELY AHEAD.)

PERI ENTERS CARRYING  
A THICK SERVICE  
MANUAL)

PERI: (OFFERING IT TO DOCTOR)  
Here, a little something to  
stop you sighing like a steam  
engine.

THE DOCTOR: What is it?

PERI: Service manual, I found  
it propping open a vent in the  
workshop.

THE DOCTOR: Oh, yes ... (TAKES  
MANUAL) I did read it once ...

(TOSSES IT  
LISTLESSLY ASIDE)

PERI: Hey, won't that tell you  
what's wrong with the Tardis?

THE DOCTOR: I know exactly what  
category of disaster has  
befallen us.

PERI: The comparator?

THE DOCTOR: No ... not this time.

(PICKS UP MANUAL)

I'll just confirm my diagnosis ...  
(FEELS THE WEIGHT) Be something  
to pass eternity with I  
suppose ...

(OPENS MANUAL  
TO READ)

17. INT. PRISON DOME. CORRIDOR  
JUNCTION.

(GUARDS PATROL  
CAR MOVING TOWARDS  
JONDAR AND LASER  
GRILLE.

JONDAR WATCHING  
THEM APPREHENSIVELY)

18. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.

(DOCTOR STILL READING  
MANUAL.

PERI, FRUSTRATED,  
PRESSES SWITCH ON  
CONTROL PANEL.

THE ROTOR COLUMN  
MOVES A LITTLE THEN  
STOPS)

PERI: Doctor the column moved!

(THE DOCTOR  
LOOKS UP)

THE DOCTOR: Some power must still  
be filtering through to the  
transitional elements ...

(LEAPS UP WITH  
SUDDEN ENTHUSIASM)

which would mean ...

(LEAPS FRANTICALLY  
THROUGH PAGES)

Where? ... Ah, yes ... yes ...  
here ...

(THRUSTS MANUAL  
AT PERI)

Don't lose the place ... and don't  
give up hope ... not yet ...

PERI: (WRYLY) Yes, Doctor.

19. INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE.

(SIL WATCHING  
GOVERNOR FACING  
TELEVISION CAMERA)

GOVERNOR: I bow to ... the will of the Varc people on food rations ... another attempt will be made to obtain better terms for the mining of our resources. One other pronouncement ... as Governor I hold final say as to the appeal against sentence of death. The rebel, Jondar, although enduring his pre-execution ordeal well, must, nevertheless, suffer the fate of all who transgress the rules of our society. At 8 o'clock then, attend to your screens to witness what must befall all who oppose the reality of our just constitution.

20. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.

(THE DOCTOR CHECKING  
READINGS ON PANELS.

PERI HOLDING SERVICE  
MANUAL OPEN)

THE DOCTOR: TR reading from the  
I/V table?

PERI: (SCANNING PAGES) Is it in  
the hypertime ratio section ...?

THE DOCTOR: Where else?

PERI: Orthogonal reading  
should be Z S + 101 EQ?

THE DOCTOR: Squared?

PERI: Er ... yes.

THE DOCTOR: That's as it should  
be ... the power conversion  
factor seems stable ... so why  
aren't we receiving full  
transmission of that power?

(FROWNS, FIDDLES  
WITH SWITCH)

There's a possibility ... may I?

(TAKES MANUAL,  
SCANS IT INTENTLY  
THEN BECOMES  
ABSTRACTED)

PERI: Doctor ... what is it?

THE DOCTOR: I'm afraid we may have problems that could be insoluble unless I can ... yes, we'll try ...

(PRESSES A SERIES  
OF SWITCHES.

THEN CROSSES HIS  
FINGERS.

THE COLUMN MOVES  
AND FLIGHT RESUMES)

PERI: It's working ...

THE DOCTOR: With the last vestiges of our emergency power booster ... enough for a limited flight but no more ... What depresses me most is that the transitional elements have lost their capacity to generate orbital energy and should ... must be replaced.

PERI: How long would that take?

THE DOCTOR: No time at all, if we can obtain enough Zeiton 7 to reline the trans/power system the Tardis will be like, well, as she was. No, it's not the fitting that will be a problem. Zeiton 7 is a rare element of the universe. It's to be found on only one planet.

PERI: Let's make for there, then.

THE DOCTOR: Mmm. (cont ...)

(THE DOCTOR PUNCHES  
UP A FULL STATUS  
REPORT THEN  
PROJECTS A  
CONSTELLATION CHART)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) If we use the emergency power unit to temporarily bypass the failing Zeiton 7 circuits we might just reach the Planet of Varos in the galaxy of Cetes. Problem is when ... if we miss their mining era we'd be stranded for evermore.

PERI: Anything's better than being stuck here ...

THE DOCTOR: (GRIMLY) That shows you know nothing of Varos.

21. INT. PRISON DOME. CORRIDOR JUCTION.

(JONDAR FACING  
RLBE.

CHIEF OFFICER  
READING NOTICE OF  
EXECUTION TO PRISONER.

GUARDS WITH CHIEF  
AND A PATROL  
CAR BEHIND)

CHIEF: For sedition, thought rebellion and incitement of other rebels to organise, to unionise and to terrorise the work force of Varos, the vote of the people was for your death to take place by laser obliteration.

JONDAR: The Governor was to consider my appeal.

CHIEF: Our Governor bows to the will of his people. As System Arbiter and Chief Officer I confirm that conditions of our constitution have been complied with. I therefore permit the execution to proceed.

JONDAR: When?

CHIEF: At 8 o'clock. (SMILES)  
You have ample time to compose yourself for eternity, all of five short minutes. (cont...)

(FLICKS SWITCH AT  
REAR OF RLBE GRILLE.

(CHIEF TURNS AWAY,  
POSTS ONE GUARD.  
TAKES HIM ASIDE)

CHIEF: (cont) It isn't exactly  
certain when obliteration will  
take place. Stand clear of  
the execution site ... You  
have your anti-hallucination  
helmet?

GUARD: Yes, sir.

CHIEF: Switched on?

GUARD: Sir.

CHIEF: I would't wish one of  
my Guards to succumb to the  
phantoms of the punishment dome ...  
not with all of Varos watching.

GUARD: No, sir ...

(CHIEF TURNS AWAY.

PATROL CAR WITHDRAWS.

GUARD CHECKS HELMET  
SWITCH, BACKS AWAY  
SEVERAL PACES,  
FIDDLES WITH HIS BEAM  
GUN ON HIS BELT THEN  
WATCHES JONDAR  
AND THE RLBE WHICH  
IS STARTING TO  
BUILD UP TOWARDS A  
MAXIMUM EMISSION.  
AS IT DOES SO THE SOUNDS  
OF TARDIS MATERIALISATION  
BEGIN TO BE HEARD  
BEHIND GUARD.

HE TURNS, LOOKING  
FOR SOURCE OF SOUND.

WE SEE THE TARDIS  
MATERIALISE FULLY  
AROUND CORNER FROM  
WHERE GUARD WAS  
STANDING.

GUARD APPEARS,  
SEES TARDIS.  
WORRIEDLY TRIES  
TO ADJUST HIS  
HELMET SWITCH)

22. INT. TARDIS. CONSOLE ROOM.

(PERI GESTURES AT  
SCANNER SCREEN  
WHICH SHOWS A  
WALL WITH EMPTY  
CHAINS HANGING)

PERI: We're back in the middle  
ages, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: No ... the latter  
half of the 23rd century. Ah,  
who's this come to welcome us?

(GUARD APPEARS ON  
SCANNER SCREEN.  
HE LEVELS ENERGY  
WEAPON AND FIRES  
AT TARDIS)

23. INT. PRISON DOME. CORRIDOR.

(GUARD'S GUN BEAMS  
GLANCING OFF TARDIS.

GUARD LOWERS GUN  
SHAKES HIS HEAD  
FROM SIDE TO SIDE.  
SPEAKS INTO A  
COMMUNICATIONS MICRO-  
PHONE ON HIS UNIFORM)

GUARD: Guard Maldak 23, report  
of fault on helmet hallucin  
filter ... am experiencing  
sensory distortion ...  
permission to withdraw ...

INTERCOM: (CRACKLE) Stay-  
until-after-execution!

GUARD: (INTO INTERCOM UNIT)  
Understood.

(TURNS HIS BACK  
ON TARDIS AND  
RESUMES HIS  
WATCH ON PRISONER)

24. INT. TARDIS. CONSOLE ROOM.

PERI: Artificial atmosphere -  
enclosed ... rock ... underground ...  
breathable ...

THE DOCTOR: But distorted  
readings from a nearby power  
source.

(CHECKING INSTRUMENT  
PANEL)

Somewhere round here ... yes,  
carbon dioxide ... increasing ...  
increasing, all the time.

PERI: What is this place ...  
why did that man in uniform  
fire at us then turn away as  
if we didn't exist?

THE DOCTOR: Let's go and ask him.

25. INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE.

(GOVERNOR, SIL AND  
CHIEF WATCHING  
WALL SCREEN INTENTLY  
AS CLOSE UPS OF  
LASER GRILLE AND  
PRISONER ALTERNATE  
TOGETHER WITH A  
SUPER-IMPOSED  
CLOCK THAT MOVES  
ONTO TWO MINUTES  
TO EIGHT O'CLOCK.

TECHNICIAN BURSTS  
IN)

TECHNICIAN: Sir ... Chief, there's  
something wrong ...

CHIEF: Be quiet ... attend to  
your function.

TECHNICIAN: But ...

SIL: Silence. Execution is  
apparent!

(SUPERIMPOSED CLOCK  
SHOWS ONE MINUTE  
TO EIGHT.

SIL SUDDENLY CACKLES  
WITH LAUGHTER)

GOVERNOR: What is it?

SIL: This is most wonderful  
entertainment!

26. INT. PRISON DOME. CORRIDOR JUNCTION.

(GUARD BACK  
WATCHING JONDAR.

THE DOCTOR AND PERI  
THEN APPEARING  
AND CREEPING UP ON  
GUARD WHO AT THE  
LAST MINUTE TURNS  
AND LEVELS HIS  
GUN AT THEM)

THE DOCTOR: Hello ...

(NODS TOWARDS JONDAR  
AND GLOWING GRILLE)

Not interrupting anything?

GUARD: I know how this place  
works. I know you are but a  
product of my mind ... I choose  
to resist you ... to know that  
you cannot exist.

THE DOCTOR: Quite right.

GUARD: My anti-hallucin switch  
is suffering malfunction ...

THE DOCTOR: That's what we've  
come to fix, right Peri?

PERI: Sure.

THE DOCTOR: (TO GUARD) Give me  
the switch ... c'mon, at once!

(GUARD REACHES FOR  
HELMET INVOLUNTARILY.

THE DOCTOR GRABS  
FOR GUN.

THEY STRUGGLE  
TOWARDS GRILLE AND  
JONDAR, WHO MANAGES  
TO STRIKE GUARD  
UNCONSCIOUS WITH A  
BLOW TO THE BACK  
OF THE NECK BY  
MEANS OF HIS  
CHAINED WRISTS)

27. INT. CELL.

(ARAK JUMPING UP  
AND DOWN WITH  
EXCITEMENT BEFORE  
SCREEN AS GUARD  
SLUMPS)

ARAK: That's better - bit of  
action!

(TO SCREEN)

Go on, jump on his throat,  
quick!

28. INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE.

(CONFUSION OF  
DOCTOR'S RESCUE  
ON SCREEN.

SIL SCREAMS WITH  
RAGE AND FRUSTRATION)

SIL: (TO GOVERNOR) Is this  
planned?

GOVERNOR: Certainly not.

(TO CHIEF)

What's happened?

CHIEF: I'll alert the IR Squad  
immediately.

(BAX ENTERS)

BAX: Sir, there's another group  
in the punishment dome.

(GOVERNOR TRIES TO  
SHAKE OFF HIS  
LETHARGY)

GOVERNOR: Rebels?

BAX: I don't know.

GOVERNOR: We must ... must act ...

(SHAKES HIS HEAD)

SIL: They must be apprehended,  
sentenced, executed, all of them!

GOVERNOR: (TO CHIEF) Attend  
to it.

(CHIEF LEAVES)

SIL: My company is only interested  
in stable situations, Governor ...

GOVERNOR: Varos has been stable  
for more than two hundred years.

SIL: See you remain so or a  
most unfavourable report I will  
give.

GOVERNOR: Yes, yes.

(GOVERNOR SWAYS WITH  
TIREDNESS)

SIL: (TO ATTENDANT) Help him ...

(GOVERNOR IS HELPED  
TO HIS CHAIR)

(TO GOVERNOR) Now, my dear friend,  
what is good price for your  
Zeiton Seven Ore?

GOVERNOR: Seven ... credits ...  
to ... I'm ... so ...

(SLUMPS UNCONSCIOUS  
ACROSS HIS DESK,  
SIL LAUGHS)

SIL: (SCORNFULLY TO ATTENDANTS)  
Seven credits a unit, when the engineers of every known solar system cry out for his product to drive their space-time craft. A planet of fools who don't realise their luck and do not deserve to.

(TO ATTENDANTS)

Return to our craft, alert the Council to have a colonising force sent to this sector.

(ATTENDANT LEAVES)

When I control this planet I will possess the means of power throughout this entire galaxy and perhaps for all others beyond!

29. INT. PRISON DOME. JUNCTION OF CORRIDORS.

(THE DOCTOR EXAMINING  
RLBE WIRING INTENTLY.  
THROWS 'Q' SWITCH OFF)

JONDAR: Help me ... whoever  
you are, quickly ...

(STRAINS AGAINST  
CHAINS.

THE DOCTOR HAS AN  
IDEA)

THE DOCTOR: Peri ... pull him away  
from the wall ...

PERI: Like this?

(PERI PULLS JONDAR  
SO THAT HIS CHAINS  
BECOME TAUT)

THE DOCTOR: Stay there ... like  
that ... yes ... still ... hold ...  
close your eyes, wish for luck,  
here we go ...!

(FLICKS SWITCH AND  
AIMS A BEAM AT  
CHAIN THEN FLICKS  
BEAM OFF ONCE CHAIN  
IS BURNED APART.

AT THE TARDIS,  
A RETRIEVAL SQUAD  
CAR ARRIVES.

THE DOCTOR AND  
COMPANY DO NOT  
HEAR IT)

JONDAR: Who are you?

(THE DOCTOR FREEING  
JONDAR FROM CHAINS)

THE DOCTOR: Let's get back to  
my Tardis ... I'll explain  
there ...

(TAKES A STEP IN  
THAT DIRECTION THEN  
STOPS AS PATROL CAR  
TURNS CORNER)

PERI: Doctor! (POINTS AT CAR)

THE DOCTOR: But then again  
retreat elsewhere might be a  
more viable idea ...

(THEY RUN BACK  
TO THE LASER DEVICE)

PERI: We'll not get clear,  
Doctor ....!

THE DOCTOR: Wait ... help me ...  
pull ... this round ...

(THEY HAUL THE RLBE  
GRILLE AROUND TO FACE  
THE ONCOMING CAR.

THE DOCTOR ADJUSTS  
'Q' SWITCH SO THAT  
RANDOM LASER BEAMS SHOOT  
TOWARDS GUARDS.

REALISING THEY ARE  
CUT OFF FROM THE  
TARDIS, THE DOCTOR  
SIGNALS THAT THEY  
SHOULD RETREAT DOWN  
CORRIDOR INTO THE GLOOM  
OF THE PRISON INTERIOR.

AS ONE GUARD  
ADVANCES BEFORE  
THE REST HE IS  
OBLITERATED BY A  
FORCE BEAM)

30. INT. COMMUNICATIONS CENTRE.

(CHIEF ON VIDEO  
LINK TO PRISON  
CONTROL)

CHIEF: Kill laser connection!

31. INT. PRISON DOME. CORRIDOR.

(GUARD PATROL CAR  
NEARBY TARDIS.

LASER BEAMS FROM  
GRILLE SNAP OUT.

GUARD PATROL CAR  
TRAVELS DOWN  
CORRIDOR IN  
PURSUIT OF THE  
DOCTOR)

32. INT. CELL.

(ARAK STARING AT  
VIDEO SCREEN WITH  
EXCITEMENT AS CAR  
PURSUES THE  
DOCTOR, FIRING  
ENERGY WEAPONS  
THAT THROW BARS  
OF FORCE THAT  
ILLUMINATE THE  
GLOOMY CORRIDORS)

33. INT. PRISON CORRIDOR.

(JONDAR LEANING  
EXHAUSTED AGAINST  
WALL.

THE DOCTOR COMES  
BACK TO JOIN HIM)

PERI: We've run into a dead  
end ...

JONDAR: No matter ... I can't  
go on much further.

PERI: Nor me ...

(THE DOCTOR LOOKING  
UP AT A CAMERA  
THAT IS GLOWING  
ABOVE)

THE DOCTOR: What is this  
place?

JONDAR: An ordinary prison  
once ... (LISTENS) There's  
a patrol car coming. You run  
on ... I'll try and hold  
them up ...

(LIFTS CHAINS ON  
HIS WRISTS)

I thought there was an escape  
cell down here ... sorry ...

THE DOCTOR: Let's try and  
create a little difficulty for  
our uniformed friends should  
we ...

(THE DOCTOR TRACES  
POWER CABLE ON  
T.V. SCANNER,  
SCOOPS OUT A HOLLOW  
BEHIND CABLE,  
INSERTS JONDAR'S  
CHAIN THROUGH  
BEHIND CABLE)

JONDAR: Why should you want  
to help me?

THE DOCTOR: You're the only  
one we've encountered who  
hasn't tried to destroy us.  
Now, pull ... pull!

(THEY PULL CABLE  
CLEAR, CAMERA  
FALLS AND SMASHES.

SPARKS OF POWER  
FLARE.

THE DOCTOR LIFTS  
CABLE AND CONNECTS  
IT TO MONORAIL  
TRACTION BOX.

SYSTEM SHORTS,  
LIGHTS GO OUT)

34. INT. ADJOINING CORRIDOR.

(GUARDS CAR HALTED  
BY POWER FAILURE.

THEY LIGHT BATTERY  
TORCHES AND  
CAUTIOUSLY CLIMB  
OUT AND ADVANCE  
AWAY FROM CAR)

35. INT. COMMUNICATIONS CENTRE.

(CHIEF AND BAX.

SCREENS DARK)

CHIEF: Where's that emergency  
lighting ...?

36. INT. PRISON CORRIDOR.

(THE DOCTOR, JONDAR  
AND PERI LOOKING  
UP AS LIGHTING  
FLICKERS ON AND  
OFF.)

JONDAR FEELS ALONG  
WALLS SEARCHING  
FOR A CONCEALED  
ENTRANCE)

JONDAR: No.

PERI: Every corridor seems  
the same ...

(THE DOCTOR LOOKS  
ABOUT HIM THEN A  
WALL SLIDES OPEN  
BEHIND HIM.)

A WOMAN'S ARM  
TOUCHES DOCTOR  
AND BECKONS THEM  
INSIDE)

THE DOCTOR: Well, if you  
insist.

(THEY GO THROUGH  
THE ENTRANCE, WALL  
SLIDES CLOSED  
BEHIND THEM)

37. INT. PRISON CORRIDOR.

(LIGHTS FLICKER  
ON AGAIN AS GUARDS  
TURN CORNER ONLY  
TO FIND THE AREA  
EMPTY.

THEY PAUSE IN  
PUZZLEMENT.

THEN START TO  
TRAVEL DOWN  
CORRIDOR, GUNS  
AT THE READY)

38. INT. DISUSED CORRIDOR.

(OTHER SIDE OF  
WALL PANEL.

ARETA AND JONDAR  
EMBRACE BRIEFLY)

ARETA: (TO JONDAR) I thought  
we'd lost you ... they set up  
your execution so quickly we  
couldn't stage even an attempt  
at a rescue ...

JONDAR: I thought ... (INDICATES  
THE DOCTOR) he was sent by  
you ...

ARETA: No ...

(JONDAR, PUZZLED,  
TURNS TO THE DOCTOR  
ENQUIRINGLY)

THE DOCTOR: I will explain ...  
but I would sooner leave  
whatever this place is first  
to return to the safety of my  
Tardis ...

JONDAR: Tar...?

THE DOCTOR: Ship.

JONDAR: Spaceship?

PERI: Something like that ...

(RONDEL, WHO IS  
DRESSED IN A GUARD'S  
UNIFORM, JOINS THEM)

ARETA: Rondel here has agreed  
to help us escape through the  
guards entrance.

RONDEL: We mustn't wait, I  
must report for guard duty  
soon. I will show you where  
to hide and will try to lead  
you out later.

THE DOCTOR: Do we wish to  
leave?

PERI: Yes!

ARETA: We must.

JONDAR: This is a disused  
section of the main punishment  
dome where the innocent are  
tortured while the population  
gloats at our efforts to  
survive this terrible place  
...

RONDEL: Not all enjoy ...  
some of us seek to help.

JONDAR: Yes. But mostly  
this world is one of fear  
with the spectacle of death  
the only entertainment.  
Varos was a prison planet  
once - a colony for the  
criminal and insane. The  
descendants of the original  
officers still rule. The  
rest of us toil and exist  
without hope.

THE DOCTOR: But you have  
precious mineral deposits ...  
Zeiton Seven ...

JONDAR: That stuff ... who  
wants it?

THE DOCTOR: (THOUGHTFULLY) I  
wouldn't say no to a little ...

RONDEL: We must go ...

(CAUTIOUSLY RONDEL  
STARTS TO SLIDE  
BACK PANEL IN  
WALL GLANCING UP  
AND DOWN CORRIDOR.

HE MOTIONS TO  
OTHERS AND LEADS  
THEM FROM CORRIDOR  
JUST AS A PATROL  
CAR TURNS THE CORNER,  
GUARDS IN CAR SEE  
RONDEL AND THE  
OTHERS JUST ABOUT  
TO ENTER THE CORRIDOR.

GUNS FIRE FROM  
PATROL CAR.

RONDEL FALLS.

OTHERS HURRY BACK  
THROUGH GAP IN WALL  
AND RUN AWAY ALONG  
DISUSED CORRIDOR.

AFTER A MOMENT  
GUARDS FOLLOW)

39. INT. CELL.

(ARAK AND ETTA  
WATCHING THE  
DOCTOR'S PARTY  
BEING CHASED BY  
GUARDS)

ARAK: (TO SCREEN) Hide ...  
hide ....!

ETTA: They'll get them before  
the junction ...

ARAK: No ... no ... this  
batch of rebos are good ...

ETTA: 'Specially that one  
in the funny clothes.

40. INT. CORRIDOR JUNCTION.

(THE DOCTOR, PERI,  
JONDAR AND ARETA  
PRESSED UP AGAINST  
A WALL IN AN ALCOVE.

PATROL CAR LIGHTS  
SWEEPING BY.

THEY RELAX)

THE DOCTOR: (TO JONDAR) The  
cameras ... the one I destroyed  
... they feed pictures from  
here into every home?

JONDAR: The whole dome is  
wired ... areas of ingenious  
danger lurk round every  
corner ... you can die in  
so many varied and spectacular  
ways.

ARETA: The cruellest thing  
is that there is supposed to  
be a safe route ... leading  
towards an exit ... freedom  
...

THE DOCTOR: If we can get back  
to my Tardis we can escape  
from here much more easily ...

JONDAR: How?

PERI: Find our way back and  
The Doctor will be delighted  
to demonstrate.

ARETA: (TO JONDAR) Do you  
know where we are?

JONDAR: Near the purple zone  
... adjoining the interrogation  
and execution area ...

ARETA: Is there another way  
back to this ... this ...

THE DOCTOR: Tardis ...

ARETA: (TO JONDAR) Is there?

JONDAR: Not without trans-  
versing the purple zone ...

ARETA: (SHIVERS) Then we're  
trapped. Good as dead.

THE DOCTOR: Not yet. Come  
on, let's see what this  
purple patch entails.  
(MOVES AWAY)

JONDAR: (TO PERI) Is he sane,  
this Doctor?

PERI: Sometimes.

THE DOCTOR: (CALLING BACK)  
Peri, this is no time for  
casual conversation.

PERI: Coming ...

THE DOCTOR: Let's go through  
... quickly ... quickly, the  
Guards must return soon ....!

JONDAR: All right. We'll  
try ...

(JONDAR TAKES  
ARETA'S HAND.

ALL FOUR WALK  
ALONG A CORRIDOR  
THAT CHANGES TO  
A PURPLE LIGHT  
AS THEY ENTER)

41. INT. CELL.

(ARAK STARING AT  
SCREEN AS THE DOCTOR  
AND OTHERS WALK  
INTO PURPLE ZONE)

ARAK: I like this section ...  
(CHORTLES) Wonder if they know  
what's waitin'?

ETTA: This'll sort them out ...

ARAK: Yeh, pity, they were doin'  
well.

42. INT. PURPLE ZONE.

(THE DOCTOR, JONDAR,  
PERI AND ARETA  
WALKING.

SUDDENLY THE SOUND  
OF FEARSOME BUZZING  
SOUNDS BEARS DOWN  
UPON THEM.

THEY COWER BACK  
AGAINST THE WALL.

SHOW AS THEIR POV  
THE SIGHT OF A  
HUGE FEARSOME INSECT.

PERI SCREAMS AS IT  
FILLS THE SCREENS)

43. INT. CELL.

(ARAK AND ETTA  
CRYING WITH LAUGHTER  
BEFORE THEIR SCREEN.

POINTING AT THE DOCTOR  
AND OTHERS ON SCREEN)

44. IN. PURPLE ZONE.

(PERI, ARETA AND  
JONDAR FLATTENED  
AGAINST WALL.

FEARSOME BUZZ GROWING  
LOUDER.

WIDE-EYED AND  
TRANSFIXED WITH FEAR  
THEY STARE AHEAD.

THE DOCTOR TOO IS  
MESMERISED BUT HE  
FINALLY FORCES HIS  
EYES TO CLOSE)

THE DOCTOR: Yes, that's it, of  
course! Close your eyes.  
Close ... close them!

PERI: I can't.

THE DOCTOR: Where are you?

PERI: Nearly opposite ...

(THE DOCTOR, EYES  
CLOSED, FEELS FOR  
HER FACE.

FINDS IT, COVERS  
HER EYES)

THE DOCTOR: Close your eyes now,  
Peri, keep them shut tight!  
(cont ...)

- 1/77 -

(JONDAR FORCES HIS  
EYES TO CLOSE AND  
COVERS ARETA IN  
THE SAME WAY AS  
THE DOCTOR)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) All join  
hands ... keep eyes closed ...  
now walk slowly, slowly ...

(THEY GROPE THEIR  
WAY FORWARD OUT  
OF THE PURPLE ZONE)

- 77 -

45. INT. COMMUNICATIONS CENTRE.

(SIL, CHIEF AND  
BAX WATCHING MAIN  
MONITOR SCREEN AS  
THE DOCTOR LEADS  
OTHERS TO SAFETY)

SIL: He's not a fool, your  
intruder ...

BAX: Perhaps just lucky ...

CHIEF: Or he has received  
information on how the Dome works...  
there was a Guard helping them.

BAX: The Prison contains many  
devices, no one could know or  
survive them all.

SIL: They do not act or seem  
like Varosians. They could be  
from a rival company, the  
AMORB Prospect Division. I  
would want the strangers removed  
for questioning.

CHIEF: Get me a line to Internal  
Prison Control ...

BAX: Yes, Chief.

SIL: Then check on that object  
found near the execution chamber.  
Have it brought here at once.

45. INT. PURPLE ZONE.

(THE DOCTOR LEADING  
PERI, ARETA AND  
JONDAR THROUGH ZONE.

AS THEY EMERGE  
THE PURPLE LIGHT  
FADES.

CAUTIOUSLY THE DOCTOR  
OPENS HIS EYES THEN  
RELAXES WITH SOME  
RELIEF)

PERI: What was that thing we  
saw, a creature from my worst  
imaginings ... (SHIVERS)

THE DOCTOR: It might ... in fact...  
ah, there it is ... got you!

(PERI STARTS WITH  
FRIGHT AS THE DOCTOR  
SLAPS HIS HANDS  
AGAINST A WALL,  
THEN CUPS HIS HANDS,  
A TINY BUZZ IS HEARD.

ARETA EXAMINES IT)

ARETA: A gee-jee fly, but it  
was huge ...

THE DOCTOR: We thought it was.  
I don't quite understand how but  
what we saw was a distortion of  
our perceptions. This little  
fly seemed enlarged by our faculty  
vision. (cont ...)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) When the purple light was eliminated we returned to a sense of proper proportion. Interesting ...

(SCANS WALLS AND  
CEILING THOUGHTFULLY)

PERI: (TO JONDAR) Is everything we experience here like that?

JONDAR: Some dangers are very real. The crowd loves to watch trialists face a danger they believe to be imaginary. The viewers applaud and shout with laughters as we poor fools walks confidently towards certain maiming and death.

THE DOCTOR: Who loves to watch?

JONDAR: Almost everyone on Varos. It's the way the officers divert discontent, questions, thoughts of revolution.

THE DOCTOR: But not everyone. Not you.

JONDAR: What good does it do. We will perish here for their entertainment.

" THE DOCTOR: I've no intention of doing either. C'mon let's see what else this Fun Place has to offer.

(THE DOCTOR LEADS  
THEM AWAY DOWN AN  
INCREASINGLY DARKENED  
CORRIDOR.)

SUDDENLY TWO HUGE  
MALEVOLENT GREEN  
EYES APPEAR FOLLOWED  
BY A DEEP FEARSOME  
RUMBLING ANIMAL ROAR.

THE DOCTOR AND OTHERS  
HALT AND TAKE A  
STEP BACK.

PERI AND ARETA  
WRINKLE THEIR NOSES,  
TURN THEIR HEADS)

PERI: What a stench!

ARETA: Ugh!

JONDAR: Animal ...

THE DOCTOR: Real or imaginary?

(CLOSES HIS EYES,  
SNIFFS)

Just as loathsome ... the niff  
is certainly not illusion, or  
is it?

JONDAR: Just like Commdivdesign  
to site a real live monster  
immediately beyond an imaginary  
one.

THE DOCTOR: Or is that exactly  
how they would expect us to  
reason?

(THEY PAUSE UNCERTAINLY)

One way to find out.

(HE WALKS FORWARD)

PERI: Doctor ... no.

(GOES TO RUN  
AFTER HIM.

ARETA RESTRAINS HER.

AS THE DOCTOR  
REACHES THE MONSTROUS  
EYES ANOTHER BELLOWING  
ROAR IS HEARD.

HE ADVANCES AND  
FINDS THE EYES  
ARE BUT TWO GREEN  
LIGHTS RIGGED ON  
EITHER SIDE OF THE  
CORRIDOR)

THE DOCTOR: Come on ... it's  
all right ... it's lights ...  
green lights ... two ...

(THE OTHERS JOIN  
HIM.

THE DOCTOR EXAMINES  
WALL.

FINDS A GRILLE IN  
WALL, TESTS AIR  
FLOW)

Here's the air pump ... sending  
out the 'sweet' aroma. How do  
they activate? Something must  
trigger these little delights.

JONDAR: Let's get on ... we  
must be nearby to where I was  
to be laserised.

PERI: And the Tardis ...

(THEY HURRY AAWAY)

47. INT. COMMUNICATIONS CENTRE.

(BAX WATCHING  
THE DOCTOR AND  
OTHERS WALKING ALONG  
CORRIDOR.

BAX POINTS AT  
THE DOCTOR)

BAX: The viewpop like them.  
We've received very good punch-in  
appreciation figures.

CHIEF: Good. All the more  
impact when they are captured,  
tried, executed. A rebo leader,  
his woman and intruders from  
another world. Not only prime  
time here but the recording  
of their final agonies should  
sell on every civilised world.

48. INT. PRISON DOME. CORRIDOR JUNCTION.

(PERI, THE DOCTOR  
ARETA AND JONDAR  
PASSING THE  
ABANDONED RIBE  
GRILLE)

THE DOCTOR: The Tardis should  
be ...

(BEGINS TO TURN  
CORNER)

PERI: Just here ...

(THE DOCTOR'S POV  
SHOWING ONLY  
ANOTHER EMPTY  
CORRIDOR)

THE DOCTOR: It was just here ...

ARETA: Your ship has gone?

THE DOCTOR: It most certainly has.

JONDAR: Where?

PERI: We must find it!

THE DOCTOR: It must be around  
somewhere ... Come on, come on,  
it has to be found!

(MOVES AWAY URGENTLY,  
OTHERS FOLLOW)

49. INT. COMMUNICATIONS CENTRE.

(CHIEF, GOVERNOR,  
BAX, SIL.

TARDIS STANDING.

TECHNICIAN WITH  
LASER DRILL GIVING  
UP HIS ATTEMPTS  
TO ENTER TARDIS.

HE SHAKES HIS HEAD  
AT CHIEF OFFICER  
AND SIL)

SIL: This mysterious most is ...

CHIEF: There's an explanation.  
The strangers there (INDICATES  
SCREEN) will be captured soon,  
then we'll force some answers ...

SIL: Who are other people  
helping rebels? If he should  
be of another mining corporation,  
our contracts are ended.

GOVERNOR: No. He is unknown  
to us ...

SIL: I would wish them dead.  
Only that would please my  
company!

GOVERNOR: Close them out,  
Chief ... use every Guard  
available. (cont ...)

- 1/86 -

GOVERNOR: (cont) I'll talk to  
the people ... (TO BAX) Arrange  
it quickly.

BAX: What about this? (INDICATES  
TARDIS)

GOVERNOR: Keep trying to open it.

(TECHNICIAN RESUMES  
HIS ATTEMPTS TO  
FORCE AN ENTRY)

- 86 -

50. INT. CORRIDOR.

(THE DOCTOR, PERI,  
JONDAR AND ARETA  
SEARCHING FOR TARDIS.

GUARD PATROL CAR  
COMES AROUND CORNER.

THEY RUN AND REACH  
A JUNCTION OF  
CORRIDORS.

PERI, JONDAR AND  
ARETA TAKE ONE.

THE DOCTOR, SLIGHTLY  
BEHIND, GOES DOWN THE  
OTHER.

GUARDS CAR GOES  
DOWN CORRIDOR TAKEN  
BY PERI, JONDAR AND  
ARETA)

- 1/88 -

51. INT. CELL.

(ARAK AND ETTA  
WATCHING SCREEN)

ARAK: They've had it now!

- 88 -

52. INT. CORRIDOR.

(PERI, JONDAR AND  
ARETA AT A DEAD  
END. HOLDING UP  
THEIR HANDS AS PATROL  
CAR STOPS AND GUARDS  
SPILL OUT TO CAPTURE  
THEM, INCLUDING RONDEL.

HE CROSSES TO PERI  
AND STRIKES HER HAND  
ACROSS THE FACE)

GUARD: Make a fool of me, would  
you? (TO OTHER GUARDS) Take  
her to the Communication Centre.  
The others to the termination  
cell.

(THEY ARE BUNDLED  
OFF)

53. INT. CORRIDOR.

(THE DOCTOR RUNNING.  
STOPPING, WIPING  
PERSPIRATION FROM HIS  
FOREHEAD. BLINKING  
AS A BLINDING WHITE  
LIGHT COMES UP IN  
CORRIDOR.

HE GOES TO RETURN THE  
WAY HE HAS ENTERED BUT  
A STEEL PARTITION SLIDES  
ACROSS BARRING HIS EXIT.

THE DOCTOR SHIELDS HIS  
EYES AND BEGINS TO MOVE  
FORWARD. SOUNDS OF A  
WIND BEGIN TO BE HEARD)

54. INT. CELL.

(ETTA AND ARAK WATCHING  
THE DOCTOR ON SCREEN)

ETTA: Oh dear, and I was  
just beginning to like him.

(THE DOCTOR'S IMAGE  
FADES FROM SCREEN  
AND IS REPLACED BY THAT  
OF GOVERNOR)

ARAK: Oh, no .... what's he  
want ....?

ETTA: Shut up and listen!

55. INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE.

(GOVERNOR AT HIS  
DESK FACING TELEVISION  
CAMERA AND ADDRESSING  
THE POPULATION)

GOVERNOR: I must report that the attempt to divert the course of justice has been repelled. The rebel and his compatriots have either been captured or destroyed. The extent of the rebellion is greater than feared and help from another source, perhaps from another world, is suspected. The vehicle of their transport is now in the possession of my Officer Guard. The leader of the Invaders is at this moment walking into a no-options kill centre, there he will suffer the fate of all who seek to overturn the law of Varos.

56. INT. CORRIDOR.

(THE DOCTOR WALKING,  
WIND INCREASING, THE  
DOCTOR TAKES OFF HIS  
JACKET, LOOKS AHEAD,  
SEES A DESERT LANDSCAPE  
WITH SAND BLOWING.

THE DOCTOR RUBS HIS  
EYES. GASPS FOR BREATH.  
WIND INCREASES)

57. INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE.

(GOVERNOR BEFORE  
SCREEN)

GOVERNOR: I ask you to vote  
now upon my campaign to halt  
insurrection. I await your  
verdict, 'yes' and the  
rebellion will be crushed. 'No'  
and no doubt another Governor  
will have other plans ...

(WAITS TENSELY, HCD  
POURS DOWN YELLOW LIGHT  
AND GOVERNOR RELAXES  
AND SMILES)

Thank you.

58. INT. CORRIDOR.

(INCREASE IN LIGHT  
INTENSITY AS THE  
DOCTOR PROGRESSES,  
SOUND OF OPPRESSIVE  
WIND BECOMES LOUDER  
AND LOUDER.

THE DOCTOR SHIELDS  
HIS EYES AND GASPS  
FOR BREATH.

PERSPIRING HEAVILY  
HE SWAYS FROM SIDE  
TO SIDE)

TELECINE 1:

Using library  
film, we see a  
massive all embracing  
sandstorm.

59. INT. CORRIDOR.

(THE DOCTOR EXPERIENCING  
SANDSTORM. (ALTHOUGH  
THERE IS NO REAL SAND  
OR EFFECT OF STORM,  
IN THE DOCTOR'S  
HALLUCINATION, HE  
EXPERIENCES THE EFFECTS  
AS IF THEY WERE  
OCCURRING)

THE DOCTOR WIPES  
EYES, STAGGERS ON  
AGAINST THE HOWLING,  
SEARING WIND.

HE IS IN AGONY)

60. INT. CELL.

(ARAK ROARING WITH  
LAUGHTER AT THE  
DOCTOR'S PROGRESS  
ON VIDEO WALL SCREEN)

61. INT. CORRIDOR.

(WIND AND LIGHT.

THE DOCTOR FALLING  
TO HIS KNEES.  
CRAWLING ON STUBBORNLY.  
GASPING FOR BREATH.  
STARING OUT)

TELECINE 2:

Using library  
film, desert scene  
as before.

Then SUPERIMPOSE  
an image of PERI  
with a tray, glasses  
and a carafe of water.

62. INT. CORRIDOR.

(THE DOCTOR STUMBLES  
TOWARDS PERI)

THE DOCTOR: Peri?

(BUT THERE IS NOTHING  
THERE)

63. INT. COMMUNICATIONS CENTRE.

(CHIEF, GOVERNOR, SIL,  
WATCHING SCREEN ON  
WHICH THE DOCTOR IS  
CRAWLING.

THE GOVERNOR ENTERS)

SIL: (TO GOVERNOR) Just in  
time.

CHIEF: What a wonderful thing  
a man's mind is ... the  
hallucinatory inductor makes him  
believe he cannot survive ...  
and soon he cannot even draw  
one breath after the next.

SIL: It is a very fine joke.

(CACKLES HIS  
EQUIVALENT OF  
LAUGHTER)

CHIEF: What is to be done with  
this, sir? (INDICATES THE TARDIS)  
All our best cutting equipment  
can make little impression.

GOVERNOR: That's your problem,  
Chief.

(CHIEF LOOKS AT THE  
TARDIS, PERPLEXED)

64. INT. CELL.

(THE DOCTOR GASPING  
AND CHOKING ON SCREEN.

ARAK AND ETTA WATCHING.

ARAK PURSES HIS DRY  
LIPS)

ARAK: We got anything to  
drink?

65. INT. COMMUNICATIONS CENTRE.

(GOVERNOR, BAX,  
CHIEF, SIL WATCHING  
SCREEN.

THEY TURN AS GUARDS  
ENTER WITH PERI.

PERI, SEEING THE  
DOCTOR ON SCREEN)

PERI: Doctor!

GOVERNOR: Keep quiet, we're  
recording. (TURNS BACK TO  
SCREEN) The moment approaches.  
(TO BAX) Close-up on death  
throes, please.

(BAX ADJUSTS SWITCHES.

THE DOCTOR COMES INTO  
BCU HEAVING AND CHOKING)

66. INT. CORRIDOR.

(LIGHT AT MAXIMUM  
INTENSITY.

HOWL OF SIMOON WIND  
AT ITS HEIGHT.

THE DOCTOR ON FLOOR,  
CHOKING FOR BREATH.

HE HEAVES ONCE-TWICE  
THEN STOPS. STIFFENS,  
DIES)

67. INT. COMMUNICATIONS CENTRE.

(SIL, GOVERNOR,  
CHIEF, BAX WATCHING  
THE DOCTOR'S IMMOBILE  
IMAGE ON SCREEN.

PERI SOBBING)

BAX: No sign of life, sir.

SIL: Dead as death! (LAUGHS)

BAX: (TO GOVERNOR) How long  
should I hold ...?

GOVERNOR: Cut it now!

SUPOSE CAM

End  
Titles:

FADE OUT